Vol II. No2.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JUNE, 1877. NO. 9.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows:

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra to Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides, (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires [Macleane], Cicero, De Officiis, or Tusculan Disputations [Chase], Tacitus Histories, or Germania and Agricola [Tyler], Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in Writing Latin and Greek, German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Analytical Geometry [Loomis], Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical; Mensuration; Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation [Loomis], Calculus [Loomis], Trench's Study of Words, and English Past and Present, Rhetoric [Hart], Physiology [Dalton].

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian [Frieze], Select Plays of Terence [Davies], or Satires of Juvenal [Escott], German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Natural Philosophy [Snell's Olmstead], Astronomy [Loomis], Chemistry [Elliot and Storer], Botany [Gray], Rhetoric [Whately], Logic [Jevons], Evidences of Christianity [Paley].

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy [Perry], International Law [Woolsey], History of Civilization [Guizot], Butler's Analogy, Fine Art [Torrey], Natural Theology [Paley], Intellectual Philosophy [Porter], Moral Science [Alexander, Peabody], History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology [Dana], Zoology [Tenney], English Literature [Taine], Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains over 12,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement.

There are also valuable Libraries belonging to the Philomathesian and Philadelphian Societies.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has all the more important English and American periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

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There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

CALENDAR.

1877.	Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society,	June 24.
	Examination for Admission,	June 25.
	Alumni Day,	June 26.
	Commencement,	June 27.
	College year begins	Sept. 6.

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SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

[*Note.*—The following sonnet is the only one of Leonardo's poetical compositions that is extant. All that he improvised and all that he wrote, with the exception of these few lines, has been lost during the four hundred years that have intervened between his time and to-day.—*Tr.*]

Who cannot do his will, 'tis foolish art
For him impossibility to will;
The wise man early learns to bid be still
The fruitless beatings of his longing heart.
We have our joy or grief, our bliss or smart,
As we our reason's counsels do fulfill;
Each one may do his heart's desire, until
He lets the wish usurp the reason's part.
It is not well to will one's utmost might;
The seeming-sweetest oft to bitter turns;
And much-wished things when got are sometimes mourned.
Then, reader of these lines I here indite,
If thou would'st have the pleasure goodness earns,
Will only right, and let all else be scorned. T.

BURNS AND MOORE: AN INVESTIGATION.

It has come much into the fashion of late to speak in comparison of Moore and Burns, and always to the exceeding disparagement of the Irish bard. The grounds on which the comparison is instituted are plain and just, but from any conclusion which establishes Robert Burns as the finer poet of the two the writer of these words finds himself impelled to utter a strong dissent. Knowing that it is against the common judgment of to-day, he yet feels bound to confess that he has not been endowed with that keenness of intellectual vision which, looking upon the two poets in careful study, sees the Scottish ploughman looming up in superior grandeur and covering deep in his rustic furrows the lamp which the genius of Moore has lighted. To me this feat of the mental vision is impossible, while to others it appears to be easy indeed. I can readily arrive at a reason why Scotchmen and Englishmen should reckon Burns as great and Moore as nought or nearly nought, but why the rest of the race should think it necessary to follow to their leading is something which I cannot understand. It is enough for the common English critic that Thomas Moore was an Irishman, but the additional fact that he was a Catholic is sufficient to condemn him without a hearing. Now, it is useless to expect a favorable opinion of Irish genius so long as it is left to English estimation. The breezes of prejudice blowing from that direction are too unconquerably strong. The Englishman can weep over the misfortunes of a Spenser fleeing from his burning castle, but he can have no word of sympathy for the rebel Desmonds who were driven forth to give him place; and was it not an Englishman,—a man who aspired to the dignity and honor of a writer of history,—who informed the culture and fashion and wealth of New York that no Irishman had ever produced a respectable play, although it was notorious that an Irishman and no other was the author of the best acting-comedy and the best opera in the language? But how about Taine? you may say. Taine certainly glides slightingly over the merits of Moore, but how are we to put our trust in the verdict of a critic who treats great Shelley in meagre manner and ignores John Keats entirely, although either of the two has written more poetry in fifty lines than Burns produced in all his life? Such considerations are valid to show that if a person does not agree with Taine, or with Froude and English critics of his kind, he need not be on that account a crazy man or fool. I dare to differ from these and others in their estimation of the relative merits of Burns and Moore. On what grounds this disagreement is based will, I hope, be made clear in the further progress of the discussion.

Thomas Moore was seventeen years of age

when the song-swan of Scotland was laid in his grave to sleep for the rest of time, and the difference between the life and character of him who had ceased forever to sing and of him who was just to begin was as great and as striking as is ever shown between two men. Robert Burns was a sage in sentiment, but a fool in fact. His poems, outside of the lyrics, display so many traces of true wisdom that we are astounded by the follies and excesses of his life. But his wisdom was theoretical, and he never put it to the test; his folly was practical, and he never said it nay. Nobody ever gave better advice and disregarded it more persistently than Burns. He was naturally more thinker than bard, and through his lack of culture the world was deprived of a splendid philosopher, while it only gained an indifferent poet. Not quite so mean a poet as he called himself when he wrote

> "I am nae poet, in a sense,
> But just a rhymer,"——

yet a bard of scarcely more than mediocrity. For such a poet a great philosopher was lost; for had his naturally philosophical mind received the drill and training of the universities, he would have been a rare adept in the art of perplexing the wits of mankind with the insoluble problems of metaphysical science. But considering him as he was, we find that while he often wrote like a wise man yet he always acted the fool.

The contrast between Burns and Moore in these respects, I have said, was very great. And so it was. Moore did not always write wisely, and his early poems clash harshly with his blameless life. Indeed, they fitted much better into the life of Burns. The choice of Anacreon as a subject for translation shows that the spirit of levity had a powerful hold on the nature of Moore. But it was this translation which first exhibited his genius to the world. Cowley, two hundred years before, had done a part of the *Odes* into English and had beaten the Greek; Moore's rendering cast Cowley's into the shade. Burns, for the best of reasons, had never translated. Neither did he write a great original poem. If anything he has done approaches greatness, it is not his lyrics; it is his *Cotter's Saturday Night*. But Thomas Moore has written a great poem, and when he wrote *Lalla Rookh* he produced what stands as beyond denial the richest and most glowing poem in literature.

The critics who now assume to give the world its cue inform us that Moore was chiefly great as a lyric poet and that in that field the Scotchman far surpassed him. Moore, they say, was brilliant, indeed, but artificial; Burns was natural and simple, but simple with the simplicity of sublimity. But here is an excellent chance for disagreement. Moore's culture certainly enabled him to put a polish on his poems such as Burns could not attain; but when before have precious stones been considered more beautiful in their rugged native state than after coming forth shaped and polished from the lapidary's hand? The war-songs of Burns are full of fire, but those of Moore are equally fiery and more truly poetical. Burns was a patriot and sang patriotically; Moore was a patriot and sang no less so. Burns sang for a nation content in its chains; Moore sang for a nation which stood stubborn and rebellious after six centuries of oppression. Burns could cry "God save the king"; to Moore this was an impossibility. Moore was thus the truer patriot, and as he was the truer patriot so he was the truer bard. The appropriate sphere of poetry has been considered the expression of elevated feeling. If it be so, on what grounds can the lays of Burns be ranked above the *Irish Melodies?* That question cannot be answered, for no such grounds exist. The great sobs of passionate sorrow which burst from the heart of Thomas Moore for the fate of his comrade Robert Emmett, judicially murdered for loving his country, and for the pitiable misery of Miss Curran, the youthful martyr's promised bride, pining away to death in a foreign land,—what parallel for these has Robert Burns? None; and throughout the rest of the *Melodies* there is a grace and passion and sweetness which the Ayrshire bard has no where shown. And further, every song of Moore is a complete, distinct poem; the lyrics of

Burns crowd and overrun each other. A dozen of them contain all the poetry that is in them all.

As a lyric poet, then, I consider Moore the greater. Outside of this field Burns has given us little that is poetry, but a great deal of shrewd and sagacious rhyme. In *Tam O'Shanter* and some of the other poems there are touches of grim humor, it is true, but there are many better things of the kind in prose. His greatest poem, as has been said before, is the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. Its gentle delicacy and peaceful flow remind us of Goldsmith and *The Deserted Village* more than anything else. There is something of the freshness of nature in his lines "to a mountain daisy" and "to a mouse," but it is not on such poems as these that his admirers assert his superiority to Moore. The claim is made for the songs and ballads, and has been already sufficiently considered. But even if Burns were the finer song writer, as I claim he was not, his lustre is to that of Moore only as a moon is to a sun after the period of the publication of *Lalla Rookh*. In no language is there another poem so rich, so gorgeous, so glowing. The only objection of any force that has ever been made against it is that it is *too* rich, so rich that it cloys and satiates. Assuredly Moore, in the four poems which make up this romance, was lavish of his luscious language to a degree that is truly wonderful. But is that an objection to the poetry? It is always the most delicious object that palls upon the palate first. It is similar with the poetry of Moore. We get more of the sweetness of poetry in one of his pages than in whole volumes of other poets, and we get tired of reading any poet after a time. Had that splendid monument to Gheber heroism, "The Fire Worshippers," been written two thousand years ago, in the classic tongue of Rome, the learning and the wisdom of the world to-day could not find language in which to express their admiration for the genius of its author. As it is, they can only say, in effect, that the poems of *Lalla Rookh* are too poetical,—a strange objection, truly! And if Moore failed in his *Loves of the Angels*, as by some we are told that he did, I hold that he was greater in failure than Burns ever was in success. If he was unable to come down to earth and satisfy the loftiest aspirations of his soul by attempting to extract the nectar of poetry from the antics of a *louse*, yet could he soar away to the heights of heaven and sing in strains almost divine the joys and woes of fallen angels.

Where, then, is the superiority of Burns? No where—it is a myth. It has no existence except in the imagination of prejudice, sycophancy or ignorance. To put Burns above Moore is to put mediocrity above genius,—it is to put Walt Whitman above Bryant. But so long as heroism is heroism and patriotism is patriotism; so long as fervency is fervency and fire is fire; while passion is passion and love is love,—just so long must Moore be greater and Burns be less. And when Robert Burns is unknown and forgotten outside of Scotland, the poetry of the Irish minstrel will be read and loved in all the world.

SOME SPECIMENS OF SPANISH WIT AND WISDOM.

Floating through the literature of Spain there are a great many witty anecdotes, epigrams, *bon-mots*, etc., and withal a wealth of wise reflection. The Spanish mind is very fond of such things, and always has been, or at least since the sixteenth century when Spain was the leading power in Europe and the Castilian language as universally spoken as ever the French was since. Those were indeed the glorious days of Spain,—the days of the hero Emperors Ferdinand V., Charles V., and Philip II.; when Spanish books were printed and read in almost every civilized land. Since then the Spanish mind has seemed at times to be asleep. It is true it has not been wholly unproductive, but its production has only been fitful. The Spain of to-day has no great writer, and this is certainly wrong. We have warrant and reason for expecting better things from the land of Cervantes and Hope de Vega.

I have translated some of these *chistes*, as the Spaniards call them, and shall present a few

of them here—only a few, for I won't have room for many. Some of those I shall give are extremely old, and others of quite modern manufacture. They were all originally Spanish, although some of them have made their appearance in other tongues, and I think I have seen one or two of them in English.

The first *chiste* I give tells of a good trick played by an artist. Here it is:

"Basici, an Italian painter, was directed to draw the portrait of a nobleman, without any price having been agreed upon. When it was finished he charged a hundred *pesos*. The gentleman, frightened, went away and did not come back to see the painter. Basici painted a grate over the portrait, and wrote beneath: 'This one is in prison for debt;' then he put it in sight of those entering his studio. An uncle of the gentleman, hearing of it, went to see it. 'I think that this is my nephew,' said he. 'The same,' replied Basici, 'but the poor fellow is in prison for debt.' The uncle immediately paid the hundred *pesos* and had in return the pleasure of taking his nephew out of prison."

These following are not bad:—

"Orders were given to a student, going a-hunting, not to speak, because it would scare away the rabbits. But when he saw them he cried, '*Ecce caniculi multi!*' Then, when they were scared away, and his comrades scolded at him, he said: 'But who would have thought that the rabbits knew Latin!'"

King Don Alonso of Aragon used to say that "five things pleased him much: dry (old) wood to burn; an old horse to ride; old wine to drink; old friends to converse with, and old books to read."—A certain gentleman used to say that "follies were like sorrows, for they never come alone." And on hearing of any piece of folly, he would say, "Well come if you come alone."—Charles the Fifth, who was one of the greatest warriors and politicians of his time, and who spoke naturally Spanish, French, Italian and German, was accustomed to say that "to use these four languages properly one would speak in Spanish to God, to men in French, to the ladies in Italian, and to *horses* in German."—The Marquis de Cortes used to say that "he who is without friends is like a comb without honey, an ear without wheat, a tree without fruit."

"In an auction of the goods of a man who owed much money a certain man bought a bed, saying: "This will be a good bed to sleep on, since he slept upon it who owed so much."

"When Cardinal Salviati came to Spain as a legate he attended the wedding of the Emperor Charles V., in Seville, and being in conversation, said that France smacked of pride, Spain of malice, Italy of wise men, and England of vain men."

"An esquire was traveling on a mule, and on coming to the bank of a river near a village, as he did not know of any fording place, he asked of a simple shepherd, 'Say, brother, do they cross this river here?' He replied, 'Yes, right here.' The traveler entered with his mule, and after a few steps sank up to the girths. He returned, angry at the shepherd. 'Traitor,' said he, 'why have you deceived me?' 'I have not,' he replied, 'for every day do my geese cross over here, and those of Pedro Sanchez, my neighbor.'"

"In a grand banquet which a gentleman gave, after having served many different dishes they brought on entire barbels, and put before a ship's captain, who was at the end of the table, a very small fish. Whilst the others were eating their large fishes, he took his little one and put it to his ear. The gentleman who gave the banquet, observing him attentively, asked him the cause of this. He replied: 'Sir, my father held the same position that I hold, and, to his misfortune and mine, he was recently drowned in the sea, we know not where. Since then I ask of all fishes which I see if they know anything of him. This one tells me that it was so very small it doesn't remember.'"

"Two gentlemen were disputing one day as to which was the most noble. 'How can you compare yourself with me?' said one. 'I am of a family ten times greater than yours.' 'You!' replied the other; 'pray, did your father hold the first office of the city, as did mine?' 'The first office

of the city!' replied the former. 'Perchance he was governor?' 'No.' 'Was he judge?' 'Neither was he that.' 'What was he then?' said the first. 'He was *gate-keeper*,' replied the second; 'was not that the first office of the city?' 'Yes,' said the other; 'but my father went before the chief men of the province, before the dukes and peers and the marshals of France.' 'And how was that?' asked the other. 'Through his office,' was the response. 'What then was his office?' he asked again. 'He was a postilion,' was the reply.'"

"King Don Ferdinand once passed a night in the castle of Montilla, which Don Alonso de Aguilar had built with great magnificence. The king, going up by a staircase more narrow than was fitting to so capital a work, asked, 'Why did you make this staircase so narrow?' He replied, 'I never thought, Sire, to have a guest so large.'"

"A learned man, reading a book of the secrets of nature, in which it was said that if a man had a large beard it was a sign he was silly, took a candle in his hand to look at himself in a mirror, for it was night, and by his carelessness burned off almost half of his beard. And he wrote immediately in the margin of the same book, *probatum est.*"

This is the last one for which I shall have room:

"A Gallician was at the war in Granada, and being wounded in the head by a dart, a surgeon seeing him, said, 'He cannot live, because the dart has entered the brain.' 'That cannot be,' said the Gallician. 'But it is,' said the surgeon, 'I see it.' The Gallician responded, 'I say that cannot be, because I *have* no brain; for if I had had any brains, I would never have come to the war.'"

APROPOS OF THE DAILY PRESS.

The influence of the daily press of this country is very great. Many of the most prominent papers have a personal following, large, enthusiastic and unflinching. There are thousands of people who have no opinion with regard to public affairs and political aspects until they have seen what this or that journal has to say on the subject. Then, after having had their minds made up for them, they maintain their borrowed opinions most zealously and with a logic likewise borrowed. You will find people in the United States—nay, even in New England,—who put more faith in the editorial page of the New York *Times* than they do in the Gospel of God; and there are others who drink their daily draughts of wisdom from the *World* without appearing to have the faintest dawn of a suspicion that the great Democratic organ could ever be mistaken or dishonest in its opinions. There are several other journals in and out of the country's metropolis which are Delphic oracles to many men. Bibles and Talmuds and Korans, they seem to think, are well enough in their way, yet in this life can be dispensed with; but how could one get along without his daily idol?

I do not know that I can adequately account for this ridiculous and unreasonable subserviency, but I have a sort of a theory which is at least a partial explanation. Of course a man's favorite journal will be an exponent of his political faith and prejudices. But there are a large number of papers of each of the great political sects, and the question is, why are some of them so much preferred to others? Why are some of them rich and others poor? Why are some of them widely read and extensively quoted, while others are almost unknown outside of the place of publication. I believe that a paper is read and quoted according to the amount of personality possessed by the editor. If an editor has a good degree of personality his paper will be a mirror of it and will surely be read.

It was the intense personality of Horace Greeley which made the *Tribune* the widely-read paper which it was. The *Tribune* was a reflection of its editor's mind, and hence was interesting and vigorous even in its advocacy of nonsense, which oftentimes appeared to be the editor's favorite *forte*. But the *Tribune* of to-day has degenerated sadly in this respect; neither is the *Times* un-

der George Jones what it was when conducted by Henry J. Raymond. The *Herald*, too, was a different paper under the elder Bennett; to-day it has no editorial personality. While it is read for its news and sensations, its editorial opinions are not respected. It is almost the only paper of prominence which is not of a distinct political character. There are others, indeed, which claim to be independent, but their independence is only nominal. They all lean perceptibly one way or the other. Again, Charles A. Dana is the New York *Sun* and Samuel Bowles is the Springfield *Republican*; the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is Henry Watterson, and the brilliancy and sparkle of the *World* are the brilliancy and sparkle of Mr. Hurlbert, just as formerly the classicality of the *World* was the classicality of Manton Marble. All of these successful journals owe that success in a great measure to the individualism of the editors. For it is this individualism, this personality, I believe, which attracts readers, and which holds them, in many cases, through thick and thin.

I have said it was senseless and ridiculous for men to be thus mentally led by the nose, and the assertion almost proves itself. If one will think over the matter he will see that it is so. And it is so not only in regard to the great journals of the cities but also with the lesser lights of the country daily press. Each has its little circle of sycophantic subjects, and each of them is also followed by the weekly press of its region. But is it not really ridiculous that so many people should place implicit confidence in the editors of daily papers? Most certainly. Editors of political papers are not honest towards their readers. They do not publish all the news, and they are mendacious in their facts, premises, inferences and comments. And again, men put all their faith in editors who are frequently no better informed and no better qualified to form opinions than themselves. If that is not senseless, then senselessness is an impossibility. But it is very extensively done, and will be, I presume, as long as the daily press retains its present character.

But that character needs changing, as is very evident. In the first place, the editorial department should disappear either wholly or nearly so from daily papers. This should be done for the reason that all editorial writing on the most important questions, even if honestly done, is yet done in a very hasty manner and is often based on misinformation, misapprehension of facts or wilfully false reports. Now, I do not think that newspapers should thus fill up their space with comments on myths. In case of any great disaster, the editorial columns of daily papers can be properly used in appealing for assistance for the victims or their oftentimes helpless dependents. But generally the comments on the news should be allowed to wait until there can be certainty in regard to facts; then comments can be properly made, and for this purpose the weekly press is very conspicuously fit. The London *Spectator* and its American counterpart, the New York *Nation*, are good examples of the way in which important questions should be editorially discussed. The daily press, then, according to my idea, should be newspapers, pure and simple. In this connection it occurs to mention the padding of news, a practice much carried on by eminent editors of daily journals. This practice should be abolished; there should be no manufacture of events that never happened and no suppression of things that had. Make these changes in the daily papers, and also take away from them all literary criticism, and they would become more like what daily papers ought to be —good and reliable vehicles of news. This, I think, is the proper province of the daily press.

One of the worst conceits prevalent among the young men of the present day is the belief they all appear to have that they are wits and humorists. But they are certainly generally very far from what they think themselves to be; and hence, not being wits, but would-be wits, they are bores of the worst description. Indeed, we know of nothing in this world more disagreeable and disgusting than the attempts of dull men to be funny. Fools may sometimes say wise things, but a dull man is seldom anything but dull.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, JUNE, 1877.

EDITORS:

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EDITORIAL.

WITH this issue the second volume of THE UNDERGRADUATE is brought to its close, as are also the labors of the present management. We have worked to the best of our ability for the paper's good, and are only sorry that that ability has not been greater. It is not our part to pass any judgment upon our efforts, but we can truthfully say that THE UNDERGRADUATE has received some very complimentary notices from the college press during the course of the year just closing; and further, that the paper has received no harsh or unfriendly criticism from any college journal which it had not previously condemned. If any one is to judge the paper justly, he must compare it, not with *Scribner* or the *Atlantic*, but with the journals published at other educational institutions. It must also be borne in mind that the conduct of the paper has not been our chief or only task; it has been wholly prepared in such occasional fragments of time as we could save from our other work. Our only ambition at the outset was to hold the paper up to the mark it had reached last year, and this we hope we have done. While pursuing that purpose we have called the attention of the students to many ways in which we thought their interests could be bettered, and have had the exquisite satisfaction of seeing our suggestions systematically slighted and ignored by those for whose good they were intended. Our successors will find plenty to do, and we hope that they will receive all necessary support. And now, as we finally take our leave of the sanctum, we cannot refrain from expressing our gratification that our departure is caused by limitation of appointment, and not, as in the case of M. Buloz, by limitation of life.

IT IS much to be wished that in connection with the gymnasium which, we understand, is to be one of the results of the coming renovation of Painter hall, a good bowling-alley would be fitted up somewhere about the college. The bowling-alley is one of the regular institutions at many colleges and there is an extensive desire among the students to have one here. The game of nine-pins is well adapted to do for students in the winter the service which base-ball performs in summer. There is an alley down town, it is true, but it costs more money to play there than most of the students can afford to pay. Hence, of the authorities could find it convenient to make this desirable addition, we are sure that the students in general would be very grateful indeed.

WE DO not believe it would be advisable that there should be a revival in all its dignity and formality of the old time code of college etiquette, a part of which the Senior class was initiated into last winter; but it is easy to see that many of the students might properly mend their manners in some respects. There are too many silly and impertinent questions asked in the class-room every day, too many pert questions and questions designed to exhibit knowledge which often doesn't exist. We have seen this practice sometimes carried so far that it would be difficult for a stranger to discover who was the teacher and who the taught. In these and other ways, students frequently show a discourtesy and boorish-

ness of which they ought to be incapable. Respect for the professors, if not the self-respect which they ought to have, should teach students to be more careful in their conduct than they ordinarily are. Then please let us have a reform.

We congratulate ourselves, now that we have come to the end of our labors, that we have not seen fit during the course of the year to indulge in any attacks upon monitors' bills and the marking system. Not because they are unassailable, for that they are not, as every one knows who has seen their workings. Indeed, we do not know one student out of ten whom the monitor's bill has not taught to lie without hesitation or scruple out of the demerits which accrue from unexcused absences; and that the marking system is a serious evil is very plain to those who see the sickly faces and sallow complexions of many of our students, and who understand their causes. While, then, we have seen these abuses vigorously and persistently hounded by the editors and correspondents of other college journals, we have chosen to keep silence on the subject because we know that all such assaults are useless, and agitation which cannot succeed is folly. These two evils, and others with them, are so firmly lodged in the stronghold of custom that nothing but time and an extraordinary influx of sound common sense can ever drive them out. But as time is a worker of wonders, perhaps it will try its ability here; perhaps it will do even this.

There is a practice connected with the oratorical exercises of Commencement week which ought to be allowed to die out. We mean the custom of throwing bouquets, wreaths and garlands of flowers to the men who appear on the stage to speak. Of course, there cannot be very much harm in the habit, but we can't be sure that there is not some. At any rate, the practice isn't discriminating, and the young ladies who carry it on do not intend or pretend to make it so. They always determine beforehand upon whom their flowers shall be bestowed, and when they go to the church it is not with any intention of selecting some one out for his eloquence and throwing them to him in recognition of his merit, but it is with the intention of throwing them to a brother, or cousin, or "feller." Hence he who has the largest assortment of sisters or "flames" will receive the largest number of floral offerings, and sometimes on this account the deserts of really excellent speakers are completely ignored. The fact is, we repeat, that if a man who goes upon the stage is extensively related, or moderately handsome, he is sure to be plentifully supplied with bouquets at the end of his performance; otherwise his chances are slim. In consequence of this, it sometimes happens that a man who, if he received his proper tribute, would bear a head of cabbage in triumph from the stage, is yet the one to be the most heavily loaded down with beautiful flowers. Of course, that is not right and just, and therefore, we say, the custom ought to be allowed to dwindle into total disuse. But we are very well aware that it won't.

The obituary of the Class of '77 will soon be spoken, and the class will then drop noiselessly out of college life to mingle in the strife and struggle of the world. As the end draws nigh, memories of the days that will soon be gone wake thick and fast within the mind,—the happy and pleasant outnumbering and superseding the unpleasant and bitter,—and this rush of recollections pouring in upon the mind almost makes the student sorry that his college life is done. But sorrow is of no avail. Commencement day will break the bonds and bring the end. After that day the student must discard the past and turn his attention full upon the future. And the great consideration with each one then will be, "What shall I do for a living?"

The way in which that question is to be answered for each one depends entirely upon himself. If he cannot at first do what he likes, or study the profession of his choice, let him do what he can until all obstacles are removed from his path, and then let him go at his work with a will. If he does so he will pretty inevitably

reach the hoped-for end. Above all, he should allow no considerations of convenience, nor the wishes of even his dearest friends, to drive him into a profession which he dislikes. If he would prefer to be a physician, but finds a great pressure put upon him to force him into the ministry, let him remember that he can do best what he likes best and that there are too many poor preachers already. If he would prefer to teach, but is strongly urged to go at the law, let him remember that the country is already flooded with briefless barristers. Under any circumstances, he should shun a work he detests. Neither should he allow himself to get discouraged at the start, or to think that there isn't room enough in the world for him. Carlyle, somewhere in that ridiculous book of abnormal wisdom, *Sartor Resartus*, says substantially that it is not one man but all men that make up mankind; and the united tasks of all men the task of mankind. This is perfectly true, as every body ought to know, and hence every student should understand that the world has work for him to do, and that his work cannot be left undone without breaking a link in the chain. Then let him do that work: let him vanquish obstacles and difficulties, but let him find and do his work. If he has talent, genius, it will appear; if greatness lies within him, work done in the right direction will surely bring it out. If any of '77 are destined for immortality, into immortality they will go as soon as the time has come.

It is a fact to be deplored that a great part of the gaiety and *eclat* with which the programme of the exercises of Commencement week used to be carried out has vanished by degrees, so that we have now arrived at a very staid and monotonous way of celebrating Commencement indeed. In truth we fear that a graduate of the times before the war, returning now to visit his *Alma Mater* for the first time since he was weaned, would find himself as completely lost and puzzled by the changes here as ever did the famous Rip, the sleeping Dutchman of the Kaatskills, by the changes that had occurred during his pleasant little nap of twenty years. We say that the change is to be very much regretted, and those who have seen and remember Commencement week in Middlebury under the ancient *regime* will heartily agree with us in the saying.

Those were truly great days in Middlebury. All the learning and beauty and fashion of the county and of a great part of the state, as well as some from other states, were in attendance upon the proceedings, and preparations were in progress for weeks and weeks beforehand for their generous entertainment. Extensive cooking operations were carried on in the private houses, and then for the less favored but just as intensely interested class of guests comprised of the farmer-folk, there were the booths and shanties profusely sprinkled along the road, whereat good meals could be obtained for small prices—a thing which farmers are apt to appreciate. Moreover, there would always be at intervals upon the roadside barrels of foaming beer, attended by glossy negroes with eyes to coppers, and here you might quaff and quaff to your belly's content, unhaunted of female temperance clubs and unscorned of the church. The people of the town themselves took a deep and general interest in all that was going on, and there was a flavor of the scholarly and the classical about the exercises of graduating day which was deliciously fine. All these things were very grand, and we should like to see them back again, barring, perhaps, the beer.

And very likely they will be revived before many years go by. Their decay was due in great part to the war, which bred disaster otherwise to the college by depriving it of Southern students. But the war is every year receding further and further into history, the college is growing in body and soul, and the gay, blithesome spirit of the former days should come back to keep company with the renewed prosperity. We believe that it will come back, for the signs all point plainly in that direction; and the students each and all should be careful that anything which it may be in their power to do to help along the much-wished consummation shall not be left undone.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

The best laid plans don't *always* fail.

Do you think there will be an oration on the art of putting up jobs?

"Is it a Soph. or an *alumnus* I'll be?" anxiously wonder the Freshies.

Why do students sometimes resemble baby-pigs? Because they *suck* so much.

We hope our many readers appreciated the red line edition of THE UNDERGRADUATE.

The Seniors have passed their last examination, doing themselves great credit, 'tis said.

The Choral concert was quite well attended, and was pronounced unusually good.

About the "toniest" *soriee* of the season was the Senior party at Prof. Parker's, which was enjoyed highly.

All students should remember that they may drive as fast as they please on the old bridge, as no fine can be collected.

The first Senior party of the season was given at the residence of Mr. Twitchell, and was pleasant in the extreme.

And now do the young ladies in this hill-girt town look sadly at each other and wonder if *she* is to be one of the "*five*."

The Choral Society hold their meetings in Negus' hall, which is somewhat better than the vestry where they were formerly held

The Seniors were favored during the last week of their study by a series of lectures, by Prof. Parker, on the "History of Astronomy."

> Good-bye, Matilda dear, you'll never see me back,
> That oration is finished and I'm on the medal's track;
> Good-bye, Matilda dear, me never more you'll see,
> That oration is finished and I'm going on a spree.

How honored ought '77 to feel when they behold the old Congregational church looking so immaculate in anticipation of the 27th of June.

The "subs" of the high-school have at last "squeezed through," and will, doubtless, favor us with their smiling countenances next fall.

A Soph., explaining the derivation of restaurant to one of the green 'uns, said it was from the Latin words *res* and *taurus*, "*bully things, you know.*"

We suppose the Baccalaureate sermon will be of an unusually high order this year, inasmuch as the President spent several days at Bread Loaf composing it.

'Tis said that our esteemed President was bitten by that wonderful red bat. The horned toad was more harmless, however, and didn't attempt to gore anybody.

The appointments for Parkerian are as follows: from the Sophomore class, Chapman, Leonard, Stewart and Whipple. Freshmen, Baker, Griswold, Meldon and Sheldon.

The latest *wrinkle* in the way of fun was the "bachelors' ball," held in the philosophical room. The terpsichorean feats performed on that eventful occasion were rather more *vehement* than *elegant*.

Prof.—Mr. A., what is the relation of the *ratio cognoscendi* to the *ratio essendi*? *Mr. A.* (who is quite unsound in his psychology)—Oh—Ah—well, I guess they're first cousins, or something.

Decoration day was particularly characterized this year by the number of picnic parties that went forth to the various points of interest about Middlebury. The Faculty and their families visited Lake Dunmore.

Prof. Eliot, of Hamilton, '75, is assisting Prof. Kellogg in coaching the Parkerian men. It will be remembered that Mr. Elliot received the first prize for excellence in oratory at the intercollegiate contest held in New York.

The following are the editors of the THE UNDERGRADUATE for the next collegiate year: Managing-editor, W. J. Fish, '78; associates, M. B. Manley, '78; J. W. Atwood, '78; D. P. Hardy, '78; D. Stewart, '79; J. A. Barrett, '79; H. W. Hulbert, '79.

The Seniors are writing for the Fine Art Prize, given by Mr. Welsh, of Boston. The prize is $30 and half of this must be given by the successful contestant to help build up a gallery of art for the college. The other half will go for a treat, we hope.

Freshman class-meeting: *The President.*—Mr. B., will you favor us with a few remarks? *Mr. B.*—No; I hain't got nothing to say. *The President.*—Will you say something, Mr. C.? Mr. C. likewise is troubled with nothing to say. Two or three more are called upon with like result. At last, *The President* (desperately), Mr. I., won't *you* please make a few remarks? *Mr. I.*—I guess I'll have ter be excused. *Little Fresh, around the corner* (who has not been called on).—Well, by golly, this ain't no very *re*-mark-*a*-ble crowd—I vum it ain't.

PERSONALS.

'35. Rev. H. D. Kitchel, D. D., of Detroit, Mich., ex-president of Middlebury College, assisted at the recent installation of Rev. Homer J. Parker, of '69, as pastor of the First Congregational church of Bay City, Mich.

'37. Rev. Rufus S. Cushman, whose serious illness we noted last month, has since died. Obituaries and eulogies of him have been so extensively published by the press of the state that it will be necessary for us to go into any details of the sad event.

'38. E. R. Wright, Esq., was a delegate from the Middlebury Reform club to the Convention held in Burlington, June 5.

'38. "Rt. Rev. Bishop Wadhams delivered in this city, Tuesday, a lecture entitled 'Recollections of Rome.' It was not a studied effort, but a rehearsal in a most pleasant style of the recollections[?] and impressions received upon visiting the Holy City. It was deeply interesting throughout."—*Ogdensburg Journal*, May 24.

'39. John G. Saxe is very ill at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

'40. Hon. E. J. Phelps, in company with another gentleman, has been making a pedestrian tour through Vermont.

'45. Carlos H. Samson died at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the early part of May.

'46. Hon. John W. Stewart, ex-Governor, has been elected one of the directors of the Central Vermont Railroad.

'47. Rev. George N. Boardman, D. D., professor in the Chicago Theological Seminary, is occupying the desk of Plymouth church, Minneapolis, Minn., during the present month.

'55. Rev. E. P. Hooker, of Middlebury, preached in the Congregational church in Shoreham, on Sunday, May 26.

'58. Charles S. Colburn, Esq., of Pittsford, has been appointed by Governor Fairbanks judge of probate for the Rutland district, in place of Judge Dunton.

'59. Rev. M. L. Severance delivered a poem in Orwell on Memorial day.

'60. Dr. M. H. Eddy, of Middlebury, was one of the delegates from Vermont to the National Medical Convention, which assembled in Chicago on June 5.

'62. Col. A. F. Walker, of Rutland, delivered the Decoration day address in Weybridge.

'64. Dr. L. H. Hemenway has returned to his home in Manchester from Minnesota, where he has been for a few months back for the good of his health.

'68. Prof. E. H. Higley delivered the address on Decoration day in Brandon.

'70. H. S. Perrigo, of New Haven, has become a father. It is a boy.

'72. C. W. Howard, M. D., of Shoreham, attended the patients of Dr. Eddy while the latter was in Chicago.

'76. C. G. Farwell, of Ludlow, spent a few days in town a short time ago. He is in excellent health.

'78. R. H. Smith is studying law in the office of the Corporation Counsel, N. Y. city.

THE SANCTUM.

Inasmuch as this is the last time that we shall sit in the sanctum and talk either to or of our exchanges, it will scarcely be amiss, it seems to us, if we make a few remarks concerning what college papers are and what we think they ought to be. And we are very sure that there is more than one paper on our long list of exchanges which will find it well to hear and heed what we have to say.

The ideals of the college press are many and various, but there are also papers which appear to have no such thing as an ideal, and which are in consequence exceedingly flat. Some papers fill the greater part of their space with literary articles, while others have no literary department at all. Local notes and personal notes are the specialties of some, and others run almost wholly to editorials. Some, in order to fill their pages, find it necessary to cut their matter from the current periodical literature and the daily press; some have nothing in them but reports of base-ball games and boat-races; and others still are rather inclined to give their room to minutes of society meetings, and programmes of exhibitions, and abstracts of orations and debates. Some have an extreme and unreasonable affection for the prose of verse, and there are even some which appear to have no liking for anything; they print nothing but words. But there are some which seem to pick out the good points of all these and discard the bad, and to combine them into one journal. These are of course the best and most interesting of the college papers.

The true college paper, then, should have a good literary department. And by good we *mean* good. This goodness will consist in having original articles on fresh subjects and written in a readable style. No chunks out of the cyclopædias, no rehashes of history, and above all no plagiarisms or republications should ever find their way into the paper, for they are intolerable. If such a literary department can be had it ought to be given a place in the college journal; if not, let the literary department be entirely abolished. Except in papers which are intended to be exclusively literary, an editorial department is indispensable. Here is the place to discuss such topics as are of particular interest to the students and graduates of the college where the paper is published. Into this department the managing-editor should admit nothing but well and concisely written articles on the living questions of college life; long editorials are tedious and won't be read. If the editorial matter is well written the paper cannot be uninteresting. Next there should be a racy local department. The locals are apt to be read before anything else, and should repay for the reading. No long details should be given, for they are most likely to cover things which all the college knows as much about as the local editor does, and hence their publication is useless and the space taken up by them is thrown away. We have seen pages occupied with a report of a game of base-ball,

when a mere-mention, or at most the score, is all that should have been printed. The wit and jokes of the college should be carefully recorded in this department. Then it is well to have a part of the paper filled with the wit and humor of exchanges. A column of brief notes regarding the things doing at other colleges is also a good feature for a college paper. And lastly, there ought to be a department of exchange criticisms. This critical work should be intelligently and justly done. There should be nothing said for the mere display of smartness, and there should be no slobbering for the sake of return slobber.

Such, we believe, are the elements which, if rightly treated, will be found to produce the best and most praisworthy college journalism.

Below are the names of the papers on our list which we consider good in one or more of these particulars, and we advise our successors to refuse an exchange next year with the rest of the papers on our present list, as they are good for nothing. These are the worthy ones :

The *Williams Athenæum*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *University Herald*, *Targum*, *Berkeleyan*, *Besom*, *College Echo*, *Colby Echo*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Rochester Campus*, *Dartmouth*, *Brunonian*, *University Magazine*, *Volante*, *Oberlin Review*, *Tripod*, *College Mercury*, *Bates Student*, *College Argus*, *Tufts Collegian*, *Montpelierian* and the *Neoterian*.

PLUNDER.

Absent-minded Sixth :—(Conjugates,) "Nolo-Nellie-Nolui." (Omnes snickerunt.)—*Ex.*

"He drinks," said an incredulous yagger, after listening to a bitter denunciation of intemperance by a well-known Senior, at the recent exhibition.—*Ex.*

A Sophomore, who barely escaped a condition last term in a certain well-loved study, thus revises a passage in Macbeth :—"Throw *Physics* to the dogs. I'll none of it."—*Ex.*

A Sophomore in the German class, in using the pronoun, *Ihr*, omitted the inflectional ending ; whereupon the professor remarked : "Mr. M—, your ears (*Ihrs*) have no termination."—*Ex.*

Dialogue between Junior and Freshman : Fresh. —"Tom, isn't it about time for *Snow?*" Jun.—"Give it up. I expect it *Wil(l)so(o)n*, though." At this moment Misses S—w and W—n appear, and the prediction is verified.—*Ex.*

Literary young man at a party : "Miss Jones, have you seen Crabbes' Tales?" Young lady scornfully : "I was not aware, sir, that crabs had tails." Young man, covered with confusion : "I beg your pardon, ma'am, I should have said, *read* Crabbes' Tales!" Young lady, angrily scornful : "And I was not aware that red crabs had tails, either." Exit young man.—*Ex.*

"Why did Cæsar cross the Rubicon? Why *did* he cross? Why did he *cross?*" Thus declaimed a Freshman at rhetoricals, when suddenly his memory failed. *Prof.*—"Conundrum ; please answer it at the next rhetoricals."—*Ex.*

At their next class-meeting the Juniors talk of appointing committees to black the Seniors' boots, comb their hair, dust their clothes, etc., on Commencement day. If the weather should be excessively warm, another committee will be appointed to wield the fans and handkerchiefs.—*Ex.*

Senior, examining some landscape paintings in the room of a friend—"I'll tell you what would be a good joke ; soil the edges of that picture and pass it off for one of Raphael's" Second Senior—"A landscape painting by Raphael? That wouldn't do." First Senior—"That's so ; well, then, say it's one by *Madonna.*"—*Ex.*

A Junior in Greek translates a passage literally, "Will you not be silent?" The Prof. interrupts him with, "Yes, Mr. W., but make it more forcible, as 'shut your gab.'" The class suggest, "Dry up your mug," "Button your lip," "Give your mouth a holiday," and others. The Dr. wonders at their familiarity with classical expressions.—*Ex.*

Professor in Psychology :—"Coughing is also produced by the will ; sometimes it is mere affectation, is it not, Mr.——?" Mr. —— rises and coughs slightly to clear his throat. The professor looks surprised, and the class titters. Mr. —— becomes confused, and to hide his confusion coughs again. The class roars, and Mr. —— takes his seat.—*Ex.*

"Scene, Library. Painters laying on the yellow, the brown, and the green. Enter student (looking around the room). 'Not *very* Dutchy!' Enter 2d student. 'Oh! no. Not VERY Dutchy!' 1st student. 'I suppose the yellow matches the brown. Wonder what they'll get to match the green?' Painter (calmly). 'The students.' [*Exeunt Studentes.*]"—*Ex.*

The following conversation was overheard while a young lady was calling on a gallant Senior who lives in the suburbs. Lady—"Have you been down town this morning?" Senior—"No, I have not." Lady—"Were you down town this morning." Senior—"I was." Lady—"I thought you must have been down sometime to-day, for I saw your *tracks* on Main Street."—*Ex.*

1st Fresh.—I was born in New England, I am a full-blooded Yankee.

2d Fresh.—Because you was born in New England does that make you a Yankee?

1st Fresh.—Of course it does.

2d Fresh.—Then according to that, if you had been born in a stable, you must necessarily be a horse.

When a bystander suggested the word calf in place of horse, the countenance of the Freshman reminded one of a sheep more than either of the other three animals.—*Ex.*

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